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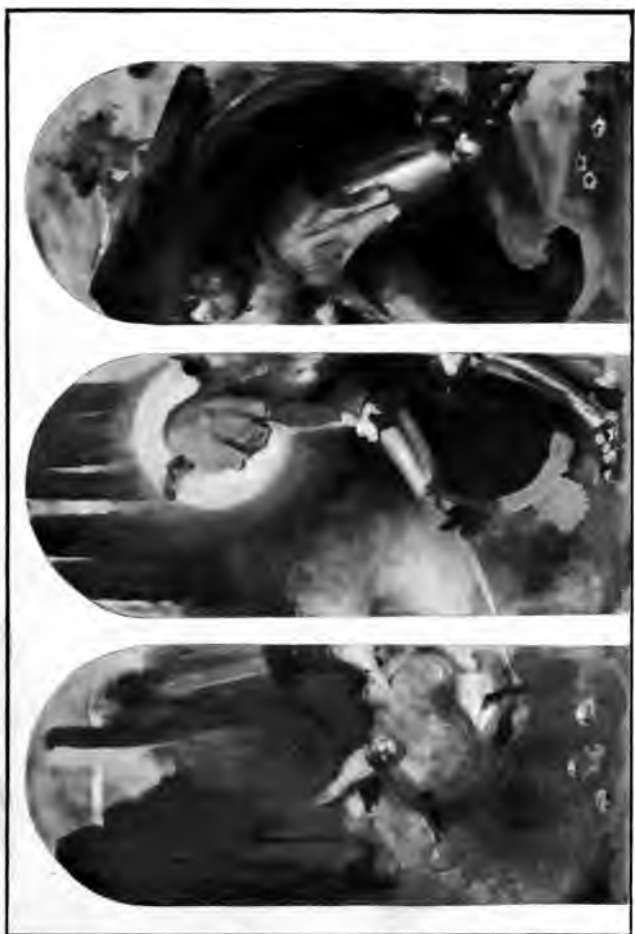
April 4th 1900.

To

Mr. and Mrs. E. M.heimerdinger.

from

Ruth Lewinson.



THE REWARD
OF
PRINCE CHEERFULNESS

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BY

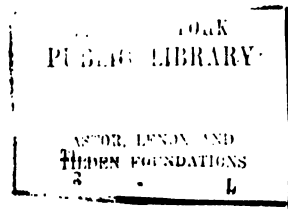
RUTH LEWINSON

*Cheerfulness' lamp sheds many a bright ray,
O'er duty's hard path, and is her main stay,
While the glare of temper leads astray.*



NEW YORK
WILLIAM R. JENKINS
851-853 Sixth Avenue

18/
—



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To

MY MOTHER

THE COMPANION OF MANY HAPPY HOURS

IN REMEMBRANCE THEREOF

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY

Inscribed

PREFACE.

Each time that we get into a temper (Chapter I.), thereafter follows always a calm (Chapter II.), in which, like Error, we repent and resolve to amend our ways (Chapter V.). While the tempest rages, our virtues are invisible (Chapter III.) and leave us solely in that dragon's power. Many, then, are the battles which we must and do have, trying to preserve Cheerfulness as victor over our fearful temper (Chapter IV.), as well as struggling hard and often with Remorse (Chapter V.), if we only try to keep safe our principal city, Faith, not letting our enemy, Dragon Temper, destroy the fields belonging to King Patience.

Though conquering evil self (our passion) is hard, yet if the many would-be heroes will fight with Dragon Temper, leaving Temper

no ground whereon to struggle, also making him extremely fatigued, the laurel wreath of the victor, approving conscience, will await them at the end. And God, who seeth all things, great or small, will crown each attempt made to attack Dragon Temper, crowning the hero of his own heart with His own due reward.

When the tempest greatly rages,
And black and drear then is our sky,
When all is tumult in the soul,
Turn thou, calling, to Cheerfulness,
With Patience ever waiting nigh.



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*“He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty;
and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a
city. Prov. xvi., 32.*

CHAPTER I.

TEMPER'S VISIT.

THE sun was shining brightly upon the Heart Kingdom, in the center of which was erected, on a lofty elevation, King Patience's palace. Looking down from one side of the palace, a beautiful landscape presented itself to view. At intervals, dotting the scene with bright colors, were scattered hamlets, interspersed with woods of green, while the City Faith, the principal city of the Kingdom, could be dimly seen on a high mountain at the horizon's edge. But on the other side of the palace the prospect was a dismal one,

for a dreary-looking swamp stretched itself into the far distance.

In the midst of this swamp, on a few acres of firm ground, was an old castle, the property of a fierce dragon. His violent passion gave him the name of Dragon Temper. He was the terror of the Kingdom. The monster would at times come forth from his castle, in a vicious mood, and destroy the fields and farms. Often did the people try to catch and kill this dragon. But he always escaped by retreating quickly into his castle, in which he could easily defend himself. Good King Patience was sorely tried by this monster, and had vainly endeavored by many means to stop these rude incursions on the land.

Again came a report to King Patience, that the dragon had caused ruthless destruction of the fields around the City of Faith. The monarch, in consequence, early the next morning, rode with his attendants to the various scenes of the Dragon's ravages. King

Patience devoted his morning in giving such aid and counsel as he could bestow to the afflicted farmers.

After his return home, King Patience ordered an early dinner, intending after that meal to take a drive with his wife and daughter. The royal family were therefore, in accordance with his command, soon seated in the beautiful private dining apartment.

At the head of the table sat his Majesty King Patience, a glad and bright smile on his placid countenance, his large blue eyes lit up by the thought that he had somewhat lessened the grievances of his peasants. Next to the King, at his right, sat her Majesty, the Queen Gentleness, her dark eye flashing with motherly pride, as she occasionally glanced at her daughter, the Princess Virtue, who sat opposite, and at her father's left.

The Princess Virtue was the only daughter of King Patience, and was as beautiful in form and face as in her heart. But she was even

more beautiful than usual at this moment. The blue eyes of Virtue were kindled with pity, as she pleaded gently, yet perseveringly, for the life of a conspirator, named Error.

A few days before, a conspiracy against the King was laid bare before His Majesty. Error was the leader of the party of conspirators, who all were thrust into prison. Virtue, who every day visited the prison, saw Error, and immediately sympathy began to stir in her bosom for this unfortunate prisoner.

Princess Virtue heard that the conspirators were soon to be brought before the king, and then publicly condemned. She feared that death would be indeed their sentence, in which case they would have only a few weeks to live before their execution took place. Then Virtue determined to plead for the poor leader's life, and for that of the others, as well as she only could. At the beginning of the meal, Princess Virtue had begun to plead for the poor conspirators. But the King refused

to pardon either the leader or his companions. Now, as she was about to begin another attempt, a pretty red suffused her fair face, bathing it in blushes, charming to see. The sun came in through the window, making Virtue's hair a golden yellow, here shedding a ray on a white marble pillar, and there on a marble bust of some renowned ancestor, now sleeping peacefully in the land of rest.

"Sire," said Virtue, returning to her subject after a few moments of silence. Her father had forgotten Error, and was thinking of something to him of more importance.

"Listen, Sire. This leader has a child of scarcely twelve years. No mother has that child to guard and cherish it. Would you condemn it to be fatherless too? Oh, Sire, have pity on them both."

Her eyes, so soft looking, tender, and blue, filled with tears. Queen Gentleness glanced at her daughter, with pride swelling her maternal bosom. King Patience placed his goblet,

which he just then held, on the table, and in admiration turned his eye upon his daughter. Virtue sought to control herself, on account of her great wish to save Error's life, also to restore his freedom. She continued,

"Oh, sire, yes, he is repentant,—he and his companions. Father,—sire,—forgive and pardon them."

She ceased, for emotion, in spite of control, so choked her voice that she could go no further. King Patience frowned and said,

"So it is again Error of whom you speak?"

"Yes, father, it is," replied Virtue, and then, hesitatingly, added, "Tell me, must I—have I, pleaded in vain?"

"Virtue," King Patience made reply, "I have listened patiently to all you have said. But it is——"

He was interrupted, however, by a kind of loud, rumbling noise. A few minutes afterward the heavy curtain was suddenly and

violently parted. In rushed the Dragon Temper, with a fearful yell. As soon as Virtue saw the dragon enter the apartment, she stifled a cry of terror, and quickly ran to her father. He had risen, and now clasped his daughter tightly around the waist. Her long and fair, loose hair fell over her father's arm. Virtue's blue eyes looked with horror upon the terrible form of the dragon, standing in the curtained doorway. It was a beautiful sight, and still such a fearful one. The young fairy-like form of Virtue clinging to Patience, as if beseeching him to save her, while the King held his daughter in a close embrace, as if to assure her that he would protect his Virtue. It all happened so quickly and suddenly, that the King was undecided what to do, as well as anxious that the Dragon would quickly go away.

But the Queen still was sitting, for the sudden appearance of the Dragon had so terrified her as to make her powerless to move.

Her dark eyes, glowing with speechless fear, were riveted upon him. The monster, with his snake-like skin, his large head with fish-like eyes, which seemed as great balls of fire, glistening with malicious joy, and his huge wings, appeared ready at any moment to grasp that fair, blue-eyed maid from her father's protecting arm.

A moment's silence ensued, through which the Dragon angrily glared at them all. Then the Dragon demanded, in a voice of thunder that resembled an earthquake, rumbling and coming near, the hand of the Princess Virtue in marriage.

The King had listened calmly and patiently to the Dragon's proposal. But Virtue looked with deep alarm at her father, and laid her hand in silent fear on her bosom. When the Dragon had ceased, King Patience calmly replied,

"Dragon Temper, the only answer that I can give to your proposal is one, and one

which I cannot and will not change. It is my decided refusal."

"You refuse?" the Dragon cried, highly enraged, and angrily flapping his wings.

As if aroused by the action of the monster's wings, Queen Gentleness rose from her seat. The Dragon Temper came nearer to the Princess Virtue. Queen Gentleness feared the Dragon would in truth seize and bear the fair princess away. Springing quickly in front of her daughter and King Patience, Queen Gentleness suddenly faced the monster. Her both arms extended to shield her daughter, Queen Gentleness thus did stand. The eyes of Dragon Temper blazed with anger. Then Queen Gentleness spake to the monster, with manner mild and gentle.

"Dragon Temper, what need have ye of our daughter? Whatever have we done, that thus ye seek to work us harm? Why leave us not in peace?"

She ceased and waited for the Dragon to answer. But what was there in the eye of

Queen Gentleness to make the Dragon hesitate? The gentle beam in the Queen's eye pierced the Dragon, as with the sharpest edge of a sword. That beam, so gentle, also repelled the Dragon about to spout forth his venomous fire. So, in sooth, did Queen Gentleness make the fiery Dragon hesitate.

At that moment, through the window, came a sunbeam, light and radiant. It encircled Virtue's lovely head, as with a halo bright. The clang of arms was heard, which warned the Dragon to withdraw. Dragon Temper was safe enough in his own castle, surrounded by such an immense swamp, but, in reality, was not so safe with so many soldiers as the the King had, even if the monster could defend himself pretty well against an enemy. So now, glad to escape the Queen's piercing gaze, with a menacing gesture, and a yell terrible to hear, he disappeared through the curtained doorway, meditating on secret and silent revenge against King Patience.

He that diligently seeketh good, procureth favor.—Prov.
xi., 27.

CHAPTER II.

THE CALM AFTER THE TEMPEST.

AFTER the Dragon had made his exit, the family still remained in their various positions, without moving. All were silent with fear that the Dragon would reappear. Then, after several minutes, Queen Gentleness sank trembling on a chair; but the King held his precious Virtue in his arms. Thus some moments elapsed, through which deep silence reigned. The silence was broken by several soldiers and attendants rushing breathlessly into the apartment. When they saw the royal family, they stopped abruptly, while some of them cried,

“His Majesty is safe!”

“Why, what now?” King Patience said. He thought it better to keep silent just then about the Dragon being there, and to first hear what his attendants had to say.

“Your Majesty,” said one of the pages, stepping forward, “we were, a little while ago, at our various duties, when Fear, happening to cross the palace court-yard, saw the Dragon Temper coming up the palace steps. Fear, in accordance to his name, immediately sped to the guard, and roused the soldiers. When the guard and Fear reached the court-yard again, they saw the Dragon standing near the gate. Temper was sputtering fire all around him, vowing vengeance on this house and inmates evermore. A few minutes afterward, he disappeared through the court-yard entrance, and was gone. We divided our soldiers, one-half staying yonder in the court-yard, to lock the gates, that the Dragon come not in again, the other half coming into the palace, to see whether your Majesty was safe.”

"It were wise, indeed," here said the aged Prime Minister Prudence, "were the gates of the court-yard, not only locked, but guarded by soldiers, also the many doors of the palace guarded the same. Let the wise men of this land, and nobles, be gathered in council together. We should decide as to how we can rid ourselves of this most terrible monster and enemy."

"We will take your advice, my Lord Prudence," replied King Patience, as he drew forth an easy chair and gently seated his daughter.

"Look to it, sir," continued the King to Prudence, that what you have said is done. Now, my Lords, withdraw, for we would be alone, to think this matter over."

Obeying the King's command, soldiers and attendants bowed and retired. Left alone again with his family, King Patience went to the Queen, and, taking her hand tenderly in his, spoke words of love and assurance to her.

Some time afterward, as the King was talk-

ing earnestly to the Queen and Virtue, a page appeared, saying the council was in session, and waiting for their sovereign. Also, that Dame Mercy was waiting for her Majesty the Queen and her daughter to make their usual visit to the city prison. The royal family being much startled by this sudden visit of the Dragon, did not care to go for a drive. So the King accordingly sped on his horse, guarded by many soldiers, to the daily council, while Queen Gentleness and the Princess Virtue, in fitting company with Dame Mercy, went to visit the young prisoner Error, and many another unfortunate prisoner. The Queen and her daughter were attended by a guard of soldiers, who were all strongly armed, for it was feared they would encounter the Dragon on their way to the prison.

With more zeal than ever was the royal family guarded after this event. Nothing was heard nor seen of Dragon Temper for some time again.



Keep thy heart with all diligence ; for out of it are the issues of life. Prov. iv., 23.

CHAPTER III.

VIRTUE HID BEHIND THE CLOUDS.

ONE morning King Patience entered the pretty boudoir of his daughter's apartment, expecting to see the graceful, fairy form of the princess, rising as usual to greet him good-morning, but, to his surprise, saw no one in the room. Thinking that his daughter had not as yet arisen, he waited for some time with great patience. As still no one was seen, he called an attendant, who, in answer to the summons, appeared. King Patience desired her to see if his daughter was awake. The attendant left the room, but soon reappeared, and told the King that the Princess Virtue

was not in her apartment. This astonished King Patience, for his daughter every morning waited for and greeted her father, in this her favorite boudoir. Then, telling the attendant to see where the princess was, King Patience went to his own apartments.

The King thought his daughter might be waiting for him in his private sitting-room. But, no! Virtue was not there. Calling his valet to him, King Patience told him he, too, should search the various rooms to find the Princess Virtue. Going to the Queen's apartment, the King, to his inquiry whether Virtue was with her, found "no" again for his answer. The attendant, as well as the valet, now appeared, both having the same reply. Princess Virtue was nowhere to be seen. King Patience called his household together, and found that no one had seen his daughter since the night before. A thorough search was made in the palace again and again, but all answered to the same purpose, all was in vain. The Queen

was in despair ; the King thoughtful and sad ; the attendants and pages busy in searching for the Princess Virtue. Soldiers were sent out around the city Faith, to see if nothing could be heard or seen of Virtue. All came back with the same answer : no one had seen or heard anything of the Princess.

Several days passed. Various and many were the searches made for the absent Princess Virtue. No one had the least clue to her whereabouts. Repeatedly had King Patience sent forth soldiers to search his Kingdom, far and wide. At last he sent one of his favorite pages, a lad named Cheerfulness, with the command to search, carefully and diligently, the country around. Cheerfulness returned after a long time, but was not successful in his search.

“Well, have you found Virtue?” asked King Patience eagerly, as Cheerfulness entered his apartment on his return.

“No, your Majesty,” was the reply of

Cheerfulness, adding quickly, "but, your Majesty, I will search again."

"Do so, and God aid thee in thy search," answered the King with a sigh.

Cheerfulness, being a great favorite with King Patience, was often with the monarch during his rides across the open country. While enjoying one of these (this was long before Virtue's disappearance), the King had told Cheerfulness about the Dragon Temper's visit, and his strange proposal. Cheerfulness had, at the time of the monster's visit, not yet entered into the King's service. Now, as Cheerfulness reconsidered Virtue's mysterious disappearance, the thought came to him perhaps the Princess Virtue was in the power, as well as in the castle of Dragon Temper.

The next day Cheerfulness went early to a deserted hut, some miles from the King's palace. When there, he divested himself of his page's garments, and hid them in a cave nearby. Then, with the aid of a costume which he had brought with him, he disguised

himself as a peasant lad. So disguised, he arrived at noon, foot-sore and weary, from being unused to such hard and wooden peasant shoes, at the Dragon Temper's castle. The Dragon was standing before his castle in a wrathful mood, and sputtered forth angry sparks of fire. But Cheerfulness, not at all afraid, inquired of Temper whether he had need of a servant. If he did, would Temper take him as such?

The monster for a moment hesitated. Sternly and angrily he glared at the youth standing before him. But Cheerfulness met the blazing eyes of the Dragon with a courageous, merry light within his own, and a smile on his lips. When he saw how simple Cheerfulness acted, Temper thought it would do no harm to take the youth as a servant. Besides, it would spare himself a great deal of labor, and so he consented. Thus Cheerfulness (who was called by the Dragon by the name of Simple) was immediately installed in his castle, as the Dragon's stupid servant.

Say not thou, I will recompense evil; but wait on the Lord, and he shall save thee. Prov. xx., 22.

CHAPTER IV.

TEMPER OR CHEERFULNESS, WHICH?

CHEERFULNESS worked in the Dragon's service with diligence and promptness, keeping courage and faith within his heart, and ever lit anew the little flame of hope. Thus several weeks glided by, and still poor Cheerfulness felt his little spark of hope decreasing day by day, that Virtue was in the Dragon's castle. Often at night in his little room, Cheerfulness fought many a hard battle with despondency. But he resolutely, each night, after such a battle, declared to himself that he would go on, no matter how long the way, if only the reward of finding

and setting free the Princess Virtue would await him at the end of his long journey. A day came, however, which made his heart beat quickly with indignation against the Dragon, though at the same time made him rejoice that he had so patiently hoped and worked on against despair. In the forenoon of this day, Cheerfulness was passing along the corridor, when he suddenly heard voices, which made him pause. One voice, which was strong and powerful, he immediately recognized as belonging to the Dragon, but the other one, and his heart leaped with joy, was that of the dear Princess Virtue. Setting the jug which he carried quietly and quickly on the ground, he hurried along to the end of the corridor, where hung a heavy curtain, which was slightly apart. Peeping in, he saw the pretty form of Virtue, receding with clasped hands in fear from the Dragon, also imploring the monster to set her free.

Cheerfulness did not then dare to attack

the Dragon, for a very good reason,—he was unarmed. If he could only find some armor, Cheerfulness would have willingly attacked the monster, notwithstanding his being alone. Then Cheerfulness glanced around the corridor with the hope of finding something, but nothing presented itself to view in the form of armor. With a sigh, Cheerfulness gave one more look at the poor Princess, then hastily returned to where he had left his jug; taking it again, he quietly went down into the courtyard and continued his work as before, for he feared that the Dragon might have seen him. But his heart meanwhile was not so easily to be quieted. The thought would come, that he had at last found Virtue, so now he must work doubly hard to restore her freedom; yet he did not know how to set to work about it, that Virtue could be freed. Some days passed before he determined what to do. The time having arrived, for which he had waited patiently and hopefully, Cheerfulness accosted

the Dragon one afternoon, begging permission to go to a friend in the neighborhood.

Dragon Temper lay basking lazily in the sunshine ; he was in an unusually good-natured mood, the natural consequence of being in the same atmosphere with Cheerfulness. The monster did not think that Cheerfulness knew aught of Virtue's whereabouts. Not being able to find fault with his servant's work, the Dragon complied with the request. Cheerfulness left the castle, and coming to the deserted hut again, went to the cave nearby ; there he threw off his peasant costume, took out and attired himself in his page's garments ; this done, he retraced his steps towards the palace of King Patience. Arriving there he found that the King and Queen had gone with their court to the town named Patience, upon the river Resignation. The King was to attend the public council, called to decide the case of their country's enemy, the Dragon Temper, who was ruining the fields. It was growing

dusk now, and Cheerfulness was very tired; he had hoped and relied upon the aid of King Patience with his soldiers, to help and free the Princess Virtue; disappointed in this, he became greatly discouraged. Cheerfulness decided to stay through the night with the aged warden of the palace; so, hungry, weary and dejected, he entered the palace of King Patience.

Early on the following morning, before the birds began to sing, Cheerfulness arose with a merry heart, that could not long be sad; he requested the warden to give him a suit of mail, and being known as the King's favorite, his request was easily granted. By the time that the sun's jovial face was peeping over the mountain tops, Cheerfulness was already on his way to the Dragon's castle. Meditating on his way, Cheerfulness decided to attack and oppose Dragon Temper immediately and alone; therefore, no time was to be lost, and quickening his pace, he soon

arrived at his destination. Dragon Temper was standing on a rock in the middle of the road, not far from his castle; he was furiously flapping his wings and angrily moving to and fro his huge, snaky tail. Then and there did Cheerfulness, clad in his suit of mail, sternly challenge the Dragon with the charge of having stolen the Princess Virtue from her parents. The Dragon quickly recognized the voice of Cheerfulness as his former servant; conscious of being guilty, as well as angry that Cheerfulness knew he was so, made him hotly reply to this just accusation in the negative. Whereupon Cheerfulness, provoked at the Dragon, aimed a lunge with his sword at the monster. This was so unexpected to the Dragon, that for several minutes Cheerfulness had the advantage over his enemy. But soon the state of affairs changed. The Dragon, much enraged, sputtered fire profusely as his wrath increased, and louder grew the noise of the flapping of his wings. This staggered poor

Cheerfulness so, that for a moment his courage grew faint, and his eyes, with the Dragon's sparks of fire, grew nearly blind. Recollecting the Princess Virtue sitting alarmed as prisoner in the castle, revived the courage of Cheerfulness. Returning angrily blow after blow, Cheerfulness did not feel in his indignation the smarting of the wounds made by the Dragon's fire.

Thus did the combat between Dragon Temper and Cheerfulness wax hotter and hotter, lasting for several hours. At last the Dragon, fiercely sputtering fire, made a sudden movement towards his enemy. Poor Cheerfulness, faint and bleeding, fell heavily backwards on the ground in a deep swoon. The Dragon, once more sputtering fire towards Cheerfulness, returned enraged to his castle.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him. Isaiah lv., 7.

CHAPTER V.

REMORSE, THE GUIDE TO AMENDMENT.

IT was the day of the execution of the party of conspirators, a month after Virtue's disappearance. Error, the chief member of the party, sat, sad and forlorn, in his little stone cell ; he was thinking over his error of being faithless and conspiring against his King. Suddenly the iron door of his prison was unlocked and the jailer, leading a little maiden, entered the cell. The child ran immediately to Error, and threw her arms around his neck ; meantime the jailer, however, went out and relocked the door, and Error was left alone with his own darling child.

“Oh, father,” cried the little maid, her black eyes filling quickly with tears, “to-night, —oh, must we then part?”

Error’s cheek blanched, white as a marble statue ; he well knew what his daughter alluded to, about parting at eventide,—the execution of her father. He pressed his daughter closer in a fervent embrace ; then Error said tremulously :

“My punishment is just, though hard to bear.”

His daughter lifted her head, raised her sad, dark eyes to the face of Error, clasped her hands, and said sorrowfully :

“Father, it was your duty to have been faithful to good King Patience. What did the King to you, to have made you so incensed against and unfaithful to him? Oh, Father, now, through that, you must go away and leave me, to-night, at eventide.”

Again the little maid flung herself weeping into her father’s arms.

"Remorse," replied Error, addressing his daughter in tones that ever now and then became more tremulous, "'tis you, dear child, who make me more and more repentant of the deed I have done. Yes, Remorse, I see my error now. I had no reason whatsoever to go against my King. He was so kind, and the poor, dear Princess Virtue so good to you and me. Oh, Remorse, Remorse!"

Sinking on his bench so cold and hard, with his hands covering his face, he wept and sobbed aloud. Remorse went to the side of her father and lovingly encircled her arms around her weeping parent's neck. At this moment the door was unlocked and opened again. Error started, and clasping his daughter passionately, did not dare turn his eyes towards the door, fearful that it was the jailer entering, who would lead his daughter away. The time allotted the prisoner to see his daughter once again, poor Error thought, was over.

Yes, it was the jailer who entered, only

to stand quickly aside to let a dame with tresses gray into Error's cell. That dame, who was none other than the noble Dame Mercy, took Error's hand within both of hers and pressed it kindly. Then, oh joy! Dame Mercy told Error that his fault was pardoned and his error forgiven.

The King had heard how remorseful and repentant Error felt for his offence. Therefore Dame Mercy, at the bidding of King Patience, was now his herald of peace and pardon. It was all through Remorse, who had made her father repent of his unworthy act of conspiring against the King.

That evening Error and his companion conspirators were not led forth to execution, but brought before His Majesty King Patience, who had now his abode in the City of Faith. That monarch had been very sorry for his refusal to his daughter, when she had so eloquently pleaded for poor Error's life, in consequence of which the King had not only

Error, but the other conspirators of Error's party, freed and pardoned. Error served King Patience now with great zeal and devotion. The sovereign at last rewarded Error's successful attempt of correcting the offence of his former unfaithfulness to his King, rewarding him not only by changing Error's name to that of Amendment, but also made him a baron in His Majesty's service.

The Dragon had become so terrible again and destroyed so much land, that the people complained to their sovereign. King Patience, who was a good and kind monarch to his subjects, gave ear to these complaints (as all good monarchs should), by calling his many able men in council. No one could think, however, of a plan to make the Dragon stop his ravages. At last one of the King's favorite barons, Amendment, suggested a plan. The scheme which Error, or rather Amendment, unfolded to King Patience was, that the King with many a good and hardy soldier, should go to the

Dragon Temper's castle. When there they would surround and attack it. Also, if they could, the brave soldiers with their King should try to kill the Dragon, or take him by force a prisoner. King Patience, having his many, many soldiers prepared, rode with a large retinue to the monster's castle.





KINDNESS

Behold, the righteous shall be recompensed in the earth.

—Prov. xi., 31.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VICTOR AND HIS TRIUMPH.

CHEERFULNESS awoke from his long swoon to find a kind, motherly dame bending over him and putting water on his heated brow. Trying to raise himself to sit up in bed, Cheerfulness fell back with a cry, for the pain of his wounds would not permit him to do so.

“Be not in haste to sit up, my son,” gently said the dame, as she gave him a cooling draught. “Thou art too much wounded for that. But we will soon have thee about in full health again, provided thou hast patience now.”

"How came I here?" inquired Cheerfulness weakly, as, gazing around the room, he saw how small, white, and neat it looked,

"My son," replied the dame in a voice so sweet, so soft and kind, "I was coming home from market, and yonder, not far from the Dragon Temper's castle, my son Piety and I saw thee lying on the ground. Seeing thou would'st not answer us, Piety gently lifted thee up and carried thee home."

"What is thy name?" again asked Cheerfulness faintly.

"My name," the dame made answer, "is Kindness."

"Verily," responded Cheerfulness, "dost thou deserve thy name."

"But, now," said Dame Kindness, with a smile, "thou hast talked, and quite enough, think I," and rising, she laid the pillows more comfortable for Cheerfulness, while she added, "try if thou can'st not close thy eyes in sleep, my son, for sleep is good for thee now."

Obedience rendered easy by fatigue, Cheerfulness closed his eyes and, from exhaustion, soon was in the Land of Nod.

Through the careful nursing of Dame Kindness, Cheerfulness was, after a fortnight or more, in restored health. When that time came, Cheerfulness thanked his benefactress and her son Piety, and went forth to again encounter the Dragon.

As Cheerfulness neared the monster's castle he beheld the Dragon in fury coming towards him. Temper was about to go forth upon his raids on some fields in the vicinity. It was not long before the conflict began, and a second time was Cheerfulness conquered. Dame Kindness and Piety, as they were coming home from administering to a sick friend, saw the pale face and bleeding form of Cheerfulness lying under a tree at some distance from the Dragon Temper's castle. Again did the kind and tender care of both Mother Kindness and Piety succeed,

but in a more lengthy interval, in restoring health.

The courage and hope of Cheerfulness now flagged. When Piety, however, spoke to him so reassuringly, hope came quickly back to Cheerfulness. Also when Pity, the young sister of Piety, came and stood before our noble page, with clasped hands, listening to the conversation between her brother and Cheerfulness, that hero was reminded by the position of Pity and her fair face with its golden hair so much of the sweet, gentle Princess Virtue. Then courage, in its fullest, broadest form, revived.

With haste indeed, as soon as Cheerfulness was able to do so, he donned his mended coat of mail. Most eagerly did he set out for Temper's castle. Dame Kindness, Piety and Pity accompanied Cheerfulness for a part of the way. Coming to a small chapel they all went in, knelt down and prayed; they came out hopefully and calm. Cheerfulness then

thanked them all heartily for their great kindness to him, and departed alone on his way.

This time Cheerfulness came up to the castle, without seeing anything of the dragon. Our hero had now reached the gate, when a loud noise, which he knew quite well, heralded the approach of the castle's owner.

A moment after the Dragon came in sight, running with all his might; upon seeing Cheerfulness coolly standing at his gate, being in no good-humored mood as it was, Dragon Temper became greatly enraged; he ran madly towards Cheerfulness, with wings flapping angrily to and fro, and began sputtering his malicious fire towards his enemy. Cheerfulness quietly resorted to his sword, and wielded it so well, that even the Dragon began to fear the issue of the combat. Dragon Temper had just come from a long raid upon some fields in the neighborhood, and seeing Cheerfulness again, his Temper knew no bounds. So his rage, having nothing to con-

trol it, worked itself up to such a heat, that Dragon Temper began to tremble under fury's strain ; for fatigue and frenzy he could stand no longer and Temper was compelled to drop exhausted on the ground. Cheerfulness quickly came closer to the Dragon and stabbed the monster in his weakest spot—in his side. A few sparks of fire came out of the Dragon Temper's mouth, but his power was gone, and with a deep drawn breath he died. At the same moment a burst of sunshine pervaded the clouds, and a halo radiant with celestial light was around the head of Cheerfulness. With bouyant hope he ran quickly into the castle, up the stairs, through the corridor to its end, and drawing aside the curtain, stood for a moment nonplussed. Virtue was not to be seen.

The desire accomplished is sweet to the soul.—Proverbs
xiii., 19.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VICTOR AND HIS TRIUMPH.

(Continued.)

STUBBORNLY resisting to hear the voice of despair, he resolutely crossed the apartment and entered the next, but saw no Princess there. At last, when he had searched the many rooms of the castle in vain, he determined also to search the chambers situated aloft in the tower. So he finally came to the extreme end of the castle. Eagerly, though slowly, he drew aside the heavy curtain of the last chamber in the tower, seeing here a picture both sweet and fair. Virtue was standing in the middle of the apartment, robed all in

white, with eyes so blue, looking thoughtfully on the ground, her long, fair hair hanging in graceful folds over her shoulders, one hand on her bosom, and the other slightly raised, the entire fairy-like figure denoting the attitude of anxious thought. For one moment only did Cheerfulness hesitate to address her. Then, after letting down his visor, he softly called her by her name. With a start she hastily looked up. When she saw who it was, and not who, in her imagination, she thought it to be, she gave a low cry of joy, and sprang to the side of her rescuer.

In a voice full of emotion, of thankfulness and veneration, Cheerfulness addressed Virtue, telling her she was free. Then descending the stairs with the Princess, he also told her that her enemy, as well as their country's foe, the Dragon Temper, was no more. She, in return, thanked him, in a voice rendered peculiarly trembling and sweet, for his deed, and told Cheerfulness how, the night previous to

the day of her mysterious disappearance, the Dragon, as she sat alone in her little garden, near her father's palace, suddenly stood before her. She was so terrified at the sight of the monster, with his large black wings, as to make her unconscious. When she awoke she was in the Dragon's castle, as his prisoner. They entered a narrow hall and came to a large room, where they both fell down on their knees, giving vent to expressions of thanksgiving and praise to their kind Creator. Then rising with glad and happy hearts, hand in hand, they sought their way till they came to the court-yard gate. Here they stopped a moment, looking up at the large, dark castle, and many were the thoughts thronging through each mind. They were standing thus when they suddenly heard a bugle blast, sounding long and clear on the evening air. With astonishment they looked around, seeing nothing but the blue sky reflected in the winding stream near by, and the clouds passing on their course.

All nature around them was looking hushed and still. Another moment the clouds parted, letting the sun in full glory burst forth once again, and almost at the same instant a troop of horsemen dashed in sight. Cheerfulness, with a start, hastily glanced at the Princess, to see whether Virtue would indeed recognize the riders dashing towards them. These horsemen well he knew, bringing more and more riders of their numerous retinue to view. Still was heard that bugle loud and clear, telling Cheerfulness and Virtue it would not be long before these riders would be at the castle gate. The troop of horsemen were almost at speaking distance when the Princess gave a joyous cry. In the centre of this numerous train she saw her father's royal white plume waving majestically in the air. No need of describing how King Patience, with beating heart, held in loving embrace his long lost daughter. When Virtue told the tale of her brave deliverance to her sire, the monarch, with tears of

joy, wringing the hand of Cheerfulness, expressed his gratitude. Thereafter the King seated his daughter in front of him on his horse, and seeing Cheerfulness seated on one also, mounted his own white charger and rode joyfully to his palace with his retinue.

Now had King Patience gotten, for being so patient under his affliction, his reward, by having his beautiful daughter returned to him. Arrived at the royal palace, Queen Gentleness clasped her precious Virtue, with fervent thanksgiving reigning in her bosom.

Prince Cheerfulness, for such indeed he was, being a prince of one of the minor provinces, the Sunny Kingdom, belonging to King Patience, was thanked by the royal family again and again. Many and glorious were the celebrations held in honor of their country's charming Princess Virtue. But the last, proving the most glorious, was the festival, which saw the ceremony of the beautiful Prin-

cess Virtue united with the brave and persevering Prince Cheerfulness.

The Dragon's castle was given to Dame Kindness. Her son Piety went into the service of King Patience, but Pity, Remorse and Amendment were also rewarded by King Patience and his Queen, as well as by Cheerfulness and his beautiful Princess Virtue.

So for all indeed joy reigned supreme.

*With temper we darken the day,
By cheerfulness we lighten the way.*

CHAPTER VIII.

*CONQUERING EVIL SELF AND ITS
REWARD.*

THIS was the tale of a certain boy's heart, who had such a temper that it was very hard to govern. When it flamed forth it made him so like the Dragon Temper that the boy's many virtues stood completely in the shade and power of temper; alike to the Princess Virtue in the Dragon's castle. As each time Temper grew more victorious over the boy, so Remorse came too. After each attack of Temper that boy earnestly resolved not to be in a passion again, but it was of no avail.

At last, however, from deep heartfelt remorse, born of knowing his error, a certain spark of King Patience lit up in his heart. Soon another little spark called Cheerfulness also came. With the aid of these companions he fought, to free his virtues from his temper, many a battle against his ungovernable passion akin to the battle of Prince Cheerfulness against the Dragon Temper. When lo! after many, many battles, this boy hero of his heart could claim a victory over his enemy Passion resembling Prince Cheerfulness and his victory over the terrible Dragon. Again did his many virtues come forth to light and were freed like the Princess Virtue, while the boy was rewarded for his patience, perseverance and amendment of his error, as Cheerfulness and King Patience. Then verily did the Prince Cheerfulness wed, amid rejoicing, his sweet and beautiful Princess Virtue.

Thus, not conspiring against good King Patience, keeping Cheerfulness aglow within

our hearts, persevering in Amendment of our faults, and faith in God, triumph always over the world.



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